The English LUCIAN:

OR,

Weekly Discoveries

OF THE

Witty Intrigues, Comical Passages, and Remarkable Transactions in *Town* and *Country*: Being Reflections on the *Vices* and *Vanities* of the *Times*.

From *Monday Feb.* 28. to that day Sennit.

Covent-Garden, March 1.

A Late Disbanded Officer, who had not known the want of Money for several Years, and thinking he never should, Far'd, like the rich Glutton, Deliciously every day, till his Extravagancy had brought him to so low an ebbe, That Poverty, like a straight Shooe, so pinch'd him, that he was often forc'd to Dine with Duke *Humphrey* in the Piazza of this Place. But Oh the all-prevailing Oratory of Hunger! What a Crafts-Master, or Master of Arts is the Belly? His Stomach now call'd for Meat, but, alas, he had not wherewithal to satisfy it. He thought of many ways, but none would do, till seeing a pretty Dog, he resolv'd to make a Dinner of him; which he thus effected. He having a String in his Pocket, instantly stept to the Dog, ti'd it about his Neck, and with much Gravity and State led him into an eminent Ordinary near this place, deliver'd him to the Cook, desiring he might be ti'd up till he had Din'd, which accordingly was done: As soon as he had silenced the clammers of his croaking Intrals, he call'd the Cook to him, saying, *I have a little business with a Gentleman just by, and I am unwilling to take my Dog with me, pray be careful of him till I come again, for I would not loose him for Ten Guineas, which shall be in a little time, and then I'll pay you for my Dinner.* This the harmless Cook, with many cringes, promised to do: The Captain being well pleas'd at the good success of his project, immediatly went to an old Acquaintance, whose circumstances were no better than his own, and told him what had past; and that he did not intend the Frolick should end so: For he doubted not but they both might have a plentiful Dinner, and a Bottle or two of Wine the next day, provided he would go and set the Imprison'd Dog at Liberty; which he readily undertook, accomplish'd that Evening, and inform'd his Friend of it. The next day, about Noon, they both went to the Cooks and demanded the Dog, at which the affrighted Cook with a pittiful Countinance, scratch'd his Ears, saying, *Your Dog Sir. Aye, my Dog Sir, I hope you han't lost him! Lost him*, quoth the Cook, *indeed I cou'd not help it, I heartily begg your pardon, I took what care I cou'd, but he unhappily slipt the string, and is gon, but I hope you'll hear of him again Sir. Hear of him, ye Block-head*, said the Captain with much seeming passion, *I might have had Twenty Guineas for my Dog. Pray Captain*, said his Confederat, *which of your Dogs was it? My Setting Dog*, said he. *Then you have lost the finest Dog in the World. Ay*, reply'd the Captain, *so I have, but I'll make this Fellow give me satisfaction for him—— Come take your Money, What is't I owe you? Owe me Sir*, said the Cook, *you owe me nothing; and as you are Gentlemen, I hope you'll take no advantage of me for this misfortune, but pass it by and I'll Treat you with the best I have in my House, and as much Wine as you'll drink.* Which was no sooner offer'd, but his Friend said, *come Captain excuse it, for 'tis pitie to ruin a poor Man for the loss of a Dog.* So with much seeming unwillingness, he accepted the offer; and when they had sufficiently stuffed their half starv'd carcasses, with much joy and satisfaction on both sides they parted. *Let other Cooks take care they be not thus Bit, by tying up a Dog.*

Newcastle, March 2. An Ignorant Fellow of this Place, had Drank so long, that his Head was fuller of *Ale* than *Brains*, riding home late in the Night, lost his way, and unhappily was got among the *Coal-Pits*, and coming near the Mouth of one of 'em, his Horse, who could see better than himself, gave a sudden start back, and threw his Intoxicated Rider in, on whom the old Proverb was verifi'd, for he fell on the bottom without any hurt. The fright of his fall, in part dissipated the Fumes contracted by his hard drinking, insomuch that he began to consider where he was. Then groping and rambling for a considerable time, in hopes to find his way out, without any success, he sat down, and being thorowly tir'd, soon fell a Sleep. But when he Awak'd, being more sensable, his Fears were increased: For now, from the Darkness and Closeness of the place, with its Sulferous scents, he concluded himself really in *Hell*. And to confirm him in this opinion, early in the Morning one of the Men was let down with his Lanthorn and Candle, as usual, to work, which as soon as he saw, he believed 'twas the Devil; and perceiving him to come towards him, was so terrified, that he cry'd out in a hidious mannor, at which the Collier, equally